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FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

Not to bring peace, O Lord,
Thy coming was of old;
As at the first, a sword,
Two-edged, must guard Thy fold.
And yet the prophet fire
Which told our world's release,
Proclaimed Thee on his lyre
The heav'n-born Prince of Peace.

The clash of arms, the strife,
Fierce conflict, bitter word—
Are these the new-born life
Thy coming can afford?
Brother against his mate,
Father opposed to son,
Are rancor and debate
The laurels Thou hast won?

Ah, yes, for truth must reign
Ere Peace her white wings spread,
And conquest comes through pain
And anguish dress and dread;
The foe is keen and wise,
Though armed with falling brand,
And conquered oft, will rise
Beneath his conqueror's hand.

Thus must the holy war
Be waged 'twixt right and sin,
'Till Christ, the Conqueror,
Eternal peace shall win—
Peace, like the heavenly rest,
Abiding and secure,
Sweetest and truest, best
And perfect because pure.

Ye whose sad hearts are riven
With cries of human pain,
Who for your kind have striven
A better life to gain,
Join in the holy fight,
Bear hardness and endure,
Peace only comes with right,
And reigns among the pure.

Ye who a nation's weal
With steady hand would guide,
Her fettered sore would heal,
Her bulwarks build with pride,
Broad stones of righteousness
As sure foundations lay,
So only peace shall bless
Your fatherland alive.

Souls, that in weary strife
With self and sin have striven
Into your weary life
To bring the peace of heaven,
Look if half-hearted aim,
Mixed motive still there be,
Peace only hearts may claim
Of strictest purity.

There waits a world of light
Eternal, high and fair,
Above the realm of fight,
And peace fills all the air;
Robes blood-washed like the snow
Can then alone endure,
And souls heaven's peace shall know
Who first on earth were pure.

HELP IN GOD OBTAINED BY PRAYER.

BY BISHOP JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

THIRD PAPER.

But "I have prayed and found no special help." I trust God does help me, but I have had a conception of a special help—a "gift of power," which would make me a man of might, which would make me a channel of almighty grace to the souls of men. For this I have prayed apparently in vain. For me this struggle seems a failure. People are listless, indifferent, entertained, or displeased, as heretofore.

Now answer one question: With what degree of consecration have you come? As you have said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth," what help did you mean?—help to do what? A thing which to you was merely incidental, was it just for a desired effect in a present exigency? Then no marvel that your prayer was a failure. Of this be assured—deliberate, sincere, thorough consecration to God, is an element in prayer. And consecration to the work of the holy ministry is a condition precedent to special endowments in answer to prayer. How strangely inconsistent for a man to say to the heart-searching God, "I am, it is true, chiefly busy with other matters. I must be a great scholar. I must be a great preacher, command better appointments, get a better salary; but occasionally, as at this time, I feel the need of special power, and I ask for it, I plead for it." Alas! what delusion. If God should answer such a prayer, it would seem an approval of this strange indirection. An accepted deity in this greatest emergency of life, and then, away to your mental dissipations, with the zeal of an enthusiast. No, my brother, this is not lifting up your eyes to the hills whence cometh your help. Cut yourself loose from every worldly attachment; tear every idol from God's throne; give up your all to Him forever. Accept it; the holy mission on which you are sent is enough for any man. The Gospel, Christ, souls, nothing else from this to the solemn death-hour. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," which can hold, can endure, no more. This from God, this in God, this with God, this alone, that "the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us."

Then what of inward sin, wrong tendencies? They are in your way to

power. Ask it, beg for it: "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults." "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" Alas! it may be found that you did not pay sufficient attention to this; you did not search to see whether the prayer was heard. "Cleanse Thou the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name." Is there to be no success in prayer till this work is completed within? Yes, much success; but how all the remains of carnal nature clog the soul, hide the Saviour, and weaken the faith. "Wait?" No, not an hour. Plunge at once into the purple flood. Seize the horns of the altar to let go never again. Plead for the cleansing and the power. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

"Have as yet received no answer to this prayer?" Where is your faith? Do you hear the Saviour say, "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full;" "Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you?" Let faith triumph, and you shall soon feel the Spirit's power, as He shall breathe on you and say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

"Blessed, greatly blessed, in my last struggle of prayer; in many before, but especially in this. How can I make it available? So weak, so helpless!" Take up now the apostolic triumph: "When I am weak then am I strong;" "Our sufficiency is of God who hath also given unto us His Holy Spirit." In this, "the faith that works by love and purifies the heart"—our "most holy faith"—is "the victory that overcomes the world." In the grasp of this faith is the special power to live wholly for God, the special power to preach, to labor for souls from house to house, at home and abroad, by night and day.

What are the rights of this faith? What is the range of this power? Go back again to the Psalmist: "My help cometh from the Lord who maketh heaven and earth." There is almighty power. Grasp it. Rise up to the lofty idea. Gather the force of moral and spiritual power infinite from the power physical and almighty. All there is of power requisite for these grand spiritual triumphs is in "the high and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity"—is within your reach. Do not dare to limit it except by your capacity and needs. Vast thought! Amazing reality! The Source of power absolutely infinite asks your faith, will yield to your wrestling agony.

Move out a little further. Who is this who says, "Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you?" Emmanuel—"God with us"—none else! And He comes with the wonderful revelation, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." Then the fullness of the Atonement is here. The "Shekinah" is on the mercy-seat. Grace is enthroned: "Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life." To dispense all needed good, all required strength, Jesus is on the throne. He will bestow these gracious aids right royally. He hath the power of the Spirit—a pentecost for every waiting soul. In this wondrous fact—"we have not an High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." We see our gracious privilege. "Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." "Boldly to the throne;" what prostrate and crawling, like a courtier to an Eastern monarch, but erect, "boldly," seeing we have a sympathizing High Priest on the throne. Here is the full power of Christ—Christ in the Atonement, in the mediatorial throne, in the gift of the Holy Ghost—in the command of our faith, when we "lift our eyes unto the hills whence cometh our help." "Cometh it?" Yes, our help cometh from Jehovah. It is not merely asked, not expected only. It "cometh." We feel it like the dew of heaven. We hear it as "a still small voice," or "as the rushing mighty wind." We have wrestled and prevailed, and we know the hidden name, the power, the wondrous power, the almighty grace. Let us pause and wonder. Our faith commands "the fullness of Him that filleth all things." It is, then, no limited, temporary gift, but full, continued, sustained. And it is never exhausted. We can go to it repeatedly for a fresh anointing, for a baptism to preach—to preach "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven."

Behold, now, the preacher. The week will wear away. The sermon must be ready. He must be ready. How weak and unworthy he is going from his closet to preach Christ from house to house. From his knees to the study, from his study to his knees, a clear light shines within and around him—"a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun." How human souls open before him—the Gospel, Jesus, the call, the feebleness, the strength! Wonderful! The sermon is thought through, but it is no old, stale preparation. It is new, bright with borrowed beams divine. But there is a little time yet, and a better "preparation."

of the heart and answer of the tongue must come "from the Lord." Again he is on his knees. Worldly thoughts are gone—all gone, but souls and preaching Christ. Hear him plead: "O Lord God of my master Abraham, give me good-speed this day! I am but a worm, 'less than the least of all saints.' Take, O take, this one, the least of all, to confound the mighty. Charge, O charge, this battery with heaven's electric fire! O for power! Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call! Spirit of burning, come! Down, all personal ambition; away, all but Christ and souls; shame the congregation with power to-day; break down infidelity; rouse consciences; overwhelm the pride of men; comfort the mourners. Let me lose myself in Thee." From this grand conflict he comes clothed with light and power. From this armory he brings the weapons of his warfare, "not carnal, but spiritual and mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." When he rises from the knees and stands up in the pulpit, the people see not the man but the ambassador. From the light of his face the congregation "take knowledge of this man that he has been with Jesus and learned of Him." And all is hushed to stillness. He reads a new hymn. The people sing new thoughts and new inspirations from old words. The prayer is a new prayer. The Scripture lessons are new and deeper revelations than they have ever heard. The preaching—how it awes and alarms, comforts and exalts! The tones of the voice thrill through the people like his voice of the archangel and the trumpet of God.

This is help for the preacher from God obtained by prayer.

REV. DAVID PATTEN, D. D.

(Address of Rev. W. F. Warren, D. D., at the Memorial Service.)

The true place for me to-day is in the seat of the mourners, among the personally bereaved. I know not how to speak. I would so gladly sit down before the coffin of our dear brother and only think—only think of scenes that can never come back again, of words that can never more be heard! And yet we must not all sit in bitter silence. When all hearts are bowed with a common sorrow, there is some relief in tones that truly voice it. And while we have a common sorrow we have also common inner elation—subdued, indeed, and yet a real inner elation—at the thought of a character so admirably finished, a life so perfectly rounded, a victory over all life's perils and peradventures so complete. This also should be voiced, not for our sakes alone, but also for the sake of those who knew him less well than we. True love can never be altogether silent in the supreme moments of life and death; and if readiness to speak the word of eulogy be once suggested as a measure of devotion to the dear departed, my heart leaps to express its reverent affection.

David Patten belonged to an order of nobility such as no earthly monarch ever created. What gracious light was in his countenance! Benevolence, yes; dignity, yes; gentleness, yes; but something more than all these. Mr. Alcott has called it solar light. Let us call it the light of the Mount, something of that which radiated from the face of Moses when he came down from talking with God; something of that which transfigured the Son of Man when the disciples desired three tabernacles, but really wist not what they said. Nature did much for our departed brother, but nature alone never put into any human face the peculiar illumination which shone in him. As I was once walking behind him, a perfect stranger stopped me to inquire who he might be. He excused himself by saying that he never met so strikingly noble and benign a human being without an irrepressible desire to know more of him. Had my questioner encountered one of the gods of the antique world walking among men he could hardly have displayed a more marked and singular interest.

But along with this rare dignity and loftiness of spirit there was a gentle simplicity and heartiness which rendered it impossible for us to feel that he stood above and apart from us, a coldly beautiful statue upon a lofty pedestal. Men who knew him forgot that they were not like him. Better than that, his genial sympathies were so gently strong and steady that, unconsciously, associates came to resemble him more and more. Withal there was ever a quiet sprightliness of mind, a quaint, quiet humor in thought and speech, which often reminded us of Addison or Chesterfield. To the hour of his last sickness he kept so fresh and youthful that it would have occasioned a shock in the youngest of us to have called him Father Patten.

His service to our University cannot easily be overestimated. He found its germ in Concord, struggling it not dying in poverty and neglect. Many saw no future for it, but he did. Influential friends sought to prevent his at-

taching his fortunes to it, but he was not to be moved. Whoever has had experience in the dismal work of soliciting subscriptions for an unappreciated cause must honor him for his heroism and perseverance. At his own expense, in vacations and intervals of teaching, he went from place to place, year after year, until he had won for the institution such interest and such means that his native Boston was ready to receive it and give it her name. We cannot forget the valuable services of the other noble men who created the Concord Institute, and those who at the last were there associated with him, but it is only just to say that in the labors which resulted in the endowment and removal of the school, Dr. Patten was the most effective of all. Indeed, if Dr. Dempster was the first founder of our School of Theology, it is not too much to say that Dr. Patten was the second.

Eleven years ago last autumn we opened yonder in Pinckney Street, the Boston Theological Seminary. Then first I came to know him. Upon us two at first devolved the responsibility of the administration. How can I ever forget the guileless gentleness and wisdom and serenity with which he met all emergencies! How can I ever forget the kind consideration which he invariably showed his comparatively inexperienced colleague! How can I ever forget those evening prayers of his which seemed to fill not only all hearts, but even the whole building with heavenly peace!

But I cannot trust myself farther in this direction. I will only say that it was his privilege to be with Isaac Rich that memorable hour when in his presence alone he headed the petition to the Legislature of Massachusetts for the incorporation of Boston University. His interest in the institution was never limited to any one department. He felt a pride in every one. In the establishment of the School of Medicine and the School of Oratory he was especially active. As representative of the University to the visiting public in the office of Registrar he was invaluable. His friendly dignity almost haloed the office in which he sat. The corporation well knew the care and fidelity with which he served them as Secretary. They will have to seek long for another such. To the end he seemed to live for the institution, and when in his long illness he was wandering in thoughts and words, one only needed to name the University in his hearing and he was full of eager and lucid questions as to its welfare.

Many a noble son has Boston given to the high service of Christian education, but I have never known one in whom true culture was so beautifully crowned and haloed with Christian graces. How happy was the home in which this rare flower of character ripened! How fortunate the University entrusted with the keeping of so precious a memory! How bright and fair a world must that be into which all such rare spirits of every age are gathered!

SPRINGFIELD THEN AND NOW.

BY REV. MARK TRAXTON, D. D.

Springfield as a plantation and Springfield as a city are two things, as infancy is one thing and manhood is quite another. Shawmut surely does not sound much like Boston, and the old Viking Thorlson, who sailed into the bay in A. D. 1000, and expressed such warm admiration of the scenery, wishing to plant himself for life upon that beautiful peninsula, could be looked upon it to-day with its palaces, and warehouses, and busy, bustling life, would down with his helm, haul home tacks and sheets, and bear away to his quiet home in Iceland.

A few years ago, a little band of men crept up on the bank of this beautiful river, admired the rich intervals stretching along both sides of the stream, and built their rude cabins, planted and sowed, watched the lurking savage, and gathered their crops. It was a perilous life they led, those old founders of this populous city. They looked and leaped their muskets against a tree by day while tilling the little patch of corn. "There's a shot!" and the little community rush into the block-house, and seize their arms, while one poor mother wrings her hands in agony as she gazes upon her now fatherless child. There is the great elm yet vigorous, under whose shade he crept to die. Little we realize the sacrifices made and the suffering endured for us by our fathers and mothers in those days and nights! One thinks, when reading these records, of Paul's enumeration of the sufferings—"in perils by the wilderness, in perils by the heathen, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness." Verily, New England was cut out of the rock, ridged in a furnace of fire. But vigor and deep-rootedness were given to this tree by the wild

winds which shrieked through its branches and twisted and wrenched its trunk.

There ought to be a grand movement in those old towns which were the points of the first settlements in those dark days. Yet, after all, those old pioneers managed to draw a good degree of enjoyment, doubtless, from their wild surroundings. The immigrants were of that mercurial temperament which found pleasure in wild adventure, in high excitement, and in hair-breadth escapes. All was new and fresh, and the air was full of oxygen, which gave a tremendous leap to the heart, sending a torrent of hot blood to the extremities. No depression of spirits, no melancholia, no confounded quack medicines advertised on every tree and rock, no heart complaints, except among the young people—and these never resulted in death, but in more life. Life had all the excitement of a game of chance, and they developed foresight, cunning, coolness in peril, endurance and self-reliance, and these qualities they transmitted to their posterity.

Their very living was precarious, but they had a virgin soil to till, and the pests of agriculture had not yet emigrated from the worn-out, rotten old world. The rivers swarmed with fish to such an extent that apprentices and laborers bound themselves to take a certain number of meals per week of fresh salmon! Wild turkeys gobbled in the door-yards, and deer mingled with their flocks. The old "king's arm" often dropped a moose in his lurking beat, or an Indian in his lair. In fine, such a life had all the exciting novelty of discovery and conquest. Thus they lived, toiled and died, and their children cheerfully took up and successfully prosecuted their work.

Then they had their theology to explain, enforce and quarrel about. Even in those early days, long before the abominable Methodists appeared, while Wesley, the "arch heretic," was an undeveloped protoplasm, and Arminius was a biological atom, there were some pronounced men among the thinkers in these new settlements who would not, or could not, assent to the theory formulated in that famous and infamous sentence that "God foreordains whatsoever" and alsover that "comes to pass." There was that old stalwart pastor of the First Church—Howard. He had engaged to exchange, one summer morning, with Rev. Mr. Storrs, of Longmeadow. Mounting their horses respectively, they jogged on with pious thoughts intent, or engaged in profound cogitation upon

"Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute." Like the old knights who, armed cap-a-pie, roamed about in defense of injured innocence, or to surprise some unguarded castle, the moment they saw each other they set their lances in rest and saluted in.

"It is God's decree," shouted the knight of Longmeadow, "that you should preach for me this morning." Howard caught the point of the lance on his shield, and lifting his two-handed sword, delivered a crushing blow upon the casque of his opponent. "Thus I break His decree by turning back," he shouted, and wheeled his steed about in the way. Storrs, though stunned, was still able to send after his antagonist this Partisan arrow: "Don't be a fool; if you turn back, that will be God's decree." Those old divines and many modern Doctors seem to have an instinctive insight into God's plans, purposes and thoughts. Heaven was partial to those old fellows.

Then there was one Mr. Buck, who raised quite as much of a hubbub as my young and genial friend Merriam, of Indian Orchard. The fact was, the old theology of those times was pretty well mixed up with dynamite, and the stalwart clergyman who had an independent spirit, and who put his foot down square and strong, not mincing his ways, not unfrequently brought his heel down upon an explosive particle which sent preacher, deacons and flock all into the air together, and lucky was he who came down upon his feet. This Mr. Buck was a young man; he was unmarried, and he was eloquent. He was preaching here and there as occasion offered, airing his theology and trying his piousness, as he was just out of his nest. When invited to occupy the pulpit of the church in New London for a Sabbath, he had the audacity to say, "What will become of the hearth who have never heard the Gospel? I do not pretend to say, but I hope that God in His infinite benevolence will find out a way to save those who set up to the light they have." Presumptuous young man! "You pretend to say that you do not know what will become of the hearth? Is it for this that you have been through college, explored the secret chambers of a theological school, heard Edwards preach on 'Sinners in the hands of an angry God,' and don't pretend to say what will become of the hearth who never heard the Gospel? For shame! Why, look at your theological chart. Do you not see that the path of each individual is just

as distinctly drawn as the road to Longmeadow, or the 'Bay-path' to Boston, and that the track of the hearth leads direct to hell?" And so the Rev. Mr. Williams, who heard the awful declaration, sends a letter to Springfield to all the faithful, warning them against this young wolf in sheepskin, and referring them to certain other clerics who can testify that Buck is not a "fit man to preach the Gospel." Moreover, he had denied the authenticity of the first eleven verses of the 8th chapter of St. John. When thirteen years of age, and a student at Harvard, he had stolen some books and denied it; he said, "Rev. Mr. Clapp lied;" "that there was no encouragement to duty if God's decrees were absolute." (O wise young man!) And so the ecclesiastical pot boiled and hissed, and the witches in breeches threw into it "eye of rube and tongue of toad."

Under these terrible accusations, in 1734, Mr. B. came to this plantation to preach, and the Church, pleased with the young heretic, gave him a call. This, however, was only a common call, and he did not hear it. The next year he came again, and, receiving a special call, he assented.

A great battle was now fought. Cotton Mather and others came through the wilderness from Boston to labor to harmonize the discordant elements. Each party marshaled its forces for the great field day, Oct. 8, 1735. The council were in a hot dispute; a paper had been read against Mr. B., and he rose to reply, when there burst into the room, not a band of wild Indians, but the sheriff of Hartford and a band of men with drawn swords; and Mr. B. was ordered, in His Majesty's name, to prepare at once to go to New London. This was a part of the plan to prevent his ordination. Good old times, surely! Well, Mr. B. was hurried off, and two days after coolly walked into the council chamber acquitted of any attempt on the life of the king, or anything else. He was installed, and served the First Church for forty-nine years!

THE PAUPER'S PRAYER.

BY G. B. G.

It is related of the celebrated astronomer, Tycho Brahe, that one night, on leaving his observatory, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a tumultuous crowd which filled the public square. Upon inquiry into the cause of so great a concourse, they pointed out to him, in the constellation of Cygnus, a brilliant star, which he, aided by the best telescopes, had never perceived. Such are the accidents which humble the learned and promote science. The situation of a celebrated American, who shall be nameless here, closely resembled that of the great astronomer. A simple peasant pointed out to him the star which he had been vainly seeking for many years.

The gentleman referred to was temporarily residing in the pleasant village of Chateaufort, about two leagues from Versailles. At the bottom of the valley on the left, was a group of trees, houses and pavilions, and the two Gothic turrets of a little chapel appearing in the wood, formed an exquisite point of view in the midst of the most profound solitude; for the road was tracked only by the heavy wagons of wood-carriers and the feet of the flocks, which, toward the end of autumn, enliven the valley. Every Sunday, summoned by the chapel bell, he went thither to hear mass. It happened, however, sometimes, that he had a companion. This was a venerable man whose ardent and ingenious piety the American was never weary of admiring. Notwithstanding his coarse apparel and a certain air of indigence—for he lived on public charity—the stranger noticed that his whole person expressed tranquillity; and making inquiries concerning him, he learned that at an advanced age he had lost two brave youths, who should have been his support, by the fortunes of war. Excited by this account, the American accosted him, inquiring into the occupations of his life, and the extent of his ideas.

"Can you read?" said the distinguished American.

"Yes, sir. In my youth I received lessons from the curate, a very excellent man, who took pleasure in instructing children."

"And have you any books?"

"Oh! at my age we read no more, we pray."

"Do you, then, pray often?"

"It is a great happiness to pray. In the evening, seated at the door of my poor hut, which you see down there under the chestnut trees, I behold the setting sun, and I say, 'Our Father!'"

"And is that all your prayer?"

"Is there any which can better fill the heart? 'Our Father!' Frequently, after having uttered these words, I pause and view the flocks returning from the fields to give us their milk. I gaze on the sun which rises and sets over the valley, and I bless his warmth which causes the grass to grow in our meadows, the fruit

on our trees, and the corn in our fields. Oh, I feel, indeed, that my prayer is true, and I have only to think every evening upon these words, 'Our Father!'"

"And what do you do in bad weather?" continued the American.

"I look up to the sky; I see those vast clouds which traverse it, coming from I know not whence, driven by the wind, careering without noise, and like watering-pots pouring the rain here and there upon the plains, which resume their verdure and give us bread, butter and honey in due proportions, precisely as if God himself placed them in our hands. Ah! our Father who art in heaven, Thou wilt live forever! Men cannot put Thee to death as they did my poor children."

Thus speaking, the old man's eyes filled with tears; his head reclined, and he softly murmured some words, as if he was continuing his prayer. His listener was profoundly moved.

"Are you not too solitary in the depths of the valley? Why do you not draw a little nearer to the village?"

"Alas!" he replied, "I cannot quit my house. There I saw my children born, and there their mother died; besides, as our curate says, he who can converse with God is never alone."

"And are you contented with your lot?"

"How should I be otherwise? God has never forsaken me."

"Oh, you deserve to be still more, excellent man," warmly responded the famous American. "Here, take this money and pray for me—for me who am subjected to fewer trials, but who may not presume to call myself as happy as you."

"Should we, then, pray for money?" asked he with emotion; and with a trembling hand he put back the gift.

The American felt that he had wounded his venerable friend.

"Forgive me," he said, "I wished, like all worldly people, to make a selfish present. But I acknowledge my fault, and I shall know how to repair it."

While thus speaking, he seized the pious Frenchman's hand, and kissed it with holy reverence. He withdrew with his heart full of all he had just been hearing.

He had gone only a few steps when he heard the old man's parting words: "I will pray to God for you, and also for your little children, if you have any not yet old enough to know how to pray."

The example of this old man, happy in his misfortune, calm in his afflictions, was the means of conducting a noble soul to the Source of all good.

From our Exchanges.

Dr. Elliot, Unitarian clergyman of St. Louis, says: "Outside of spiritual allegiance to Him (Christ), I find no sufficient approach to men, no sufficient argument for self-denial and self-sacrifice. In the foreground and at the centre of every great work for the cause of suffering humanity, or for the advancement of true civilization, we must plant the cross of Jesus Christ. 'If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto Me.' With that attraction there is no limit to human endeavor and attainment. Without it, the majority of men and women fall back into the commonplaces of worldly ambition and self-service, in which no great work can be thought of or done. If, by reason of restored health, I could return to the pulpit again—the highest vocation, as I believe, to which any man can be called—I feel that I should preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified more earnestly than I ever did before. It may well be, therefore, that with such feelings I look with greater solicitude than is wise to tendencies which seem to lead the other way; but there is, most certainly, room for serious thought."

This, then, is the business of the preacher—to forget everything else in his zeal to save souls, determined, like Paul, to know nothing among men save Christ and Him crucified; to feed the flock of God over which he is placed, not with the dry husks of theology, philosophy and controversy, nor with the meretricious ornaments of empty rhetoric, but with the very marrow and fatness of the Gospel, the bread of life. It is his business to be so imbued with the Holy Ghost that his preaching shall be in the "demonstration of the Spirit and of power." He may have, and ought to have, intellectual ability, sound doctrine, precision and elegance in pulpit utterance, but he must have that which utilizes and vitalizes all these—theunction of the Holy Ghost, or his preaching will not be efficient in saving souls.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

No brazen atheism, nor stolid infidelity, nor selfish sensualism, can successfully deny that evangelical Christianity is going forward conquering and to conquer. Before it Mohammedanism retreats, and Brahminism totters. Many an old superstition has vanished away, and others will yet vanish under its light. There is one power which from the hill of Calvary and the Garden tomb and the throne above has made no pause, and will not until a world of sin and suffering shall emerge from the long, long winter of its unbelle into the surpassing beauty and bloom of a second Eden.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

CONTENTS.

Original Articles.	PAGE
First Fruits, then Peaceable (poem).—Help in God (poem) by Prayer.—Ber. David Patten, D.D.—Springfield and Now.—The Pauper's Prayer, etc.	165
Miscellaneous.	
After Death.—Crime and Religion in Germany.—East Maine Conference Appointments. CORRESPONDENCE. OUR BOOK TABLE.	163
The Sunday-school.	
Methodist Alley and Ante.—Boston Market.—Advertisements.	169
Editorial.	
Maintaining a Spiritual Frame.—Two Phases of the Christian Life.—Editorial Items.	164
Editorial Items.	
NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES. Business Notices.—Calendar.—Church Register.—Advertisements.	162
The Family.	
A Song of Praise (poem).—Personal Experience.—A Temperance Incident.—Almost Persuaded (poem).—Selected Articles.—Faint (poem). THE LITTLE FOLK. FOR YOUNG AND OLD. Selected Poems. The Colored Exodus, etc.—Religious Items.	166
Obituaries.	
THE FARM AND GARDEN. Church News.—Advertisements.	167
The Week.	
Church News.—Church Register.—Reading Notices.—Advertisements.	168

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1879.

Congress is now in session in the very verge of summer, not because some great exigency requires it, but simply because the question of the next presidency is at stake. It is not to be disguised that it is a matter of no little moment. The simple ascendancy of one party is of the smallest importance, whether it bear the name of Democratic, or the Republican; but the question of the supremacy of the national Government; of the subordinate relations of the Federal States; of the possible and probable demands upon the treasury of the country in certain contingencies; the preservation of constitutional amendments in their integrity, and the defense of the rights of citizens everywhere—these are questions of vital importance, involving the peace, the prosperity, and the perpetuity of the Union. The people must study these questions and watch the progress of national legislation. A Christian teacher and a Christian press that can remain silent and simply repeat its moral truisms at such times, deserve not the name of being either patriotic or pious. The good man's motto must ever be, "God and my native land!" To be false to the latter is to be unfaithful to our Maker.

A brother thinks the high position held, in the estimation of the Churches, by a few singularly talented ministers, who are also exceptionally admirable readers, militates against the remarks made in a late editorial, in reference to the demand of the hour for preachers rather than readers. He thinks young ministers, noticing their social and popular success, will be inclined to say that the banishment of the manuscript is excellent in theory, but its use is no impediment to success in practice in the best Methodist pulpits. It will be recollected that the remarks in a previous paragraph grew out of an observation of Bishop Harris, that in all his late conferences, the leading Churches, which had become familiar with the use of the manuscript, earnestly protested against some of the most popular of our preachers simply because they carried a written sermon into the pulpit and read it. There is a strong and increasing reaction against this growing habit. The Churches want intellectual ability; they seek grace in manner; they require careful preparation; but they also demand, properly, the ancient Methodist freedom of address, earnestness of purpose in the one great work of saving souls, and that apparent force of conviction and power of persuasion which accompany, under the divine blessing, an untrammelled utterance. The preacher of the future, like the great lawyer and the truly great legislator, will so inform himself with his theme that his manuscript will be unnecessary.

Peter declares that the object of God's "exceeding great and precious promise" is, that believers "might be partakers of the Divine nature." This grand idea is put in more startling phrase by our Lord in His sacerdotal prayer, wherein He asks His Father that His disciples "may be one in us." In them, and Thou in Me! Let a disciple look through these words as through an open window, and he cannot help being astonished at the grandeur of his calling, and at his own indifference thereto. What higher gift could Heaven offer than such a partaking of the divine nature as involves oneness with it? Well, therefore, may the blush of shame burn our cheeks while we look at what we are, in comparison with what we might be. It would be better, however, would we not be content with shame, but aspire, with irrepressible desire and clinging faith, after our blood-bought privilege.

"Eat not the heart," was the dark saying of a Greek philosopher; upon which Lord Bacon remarks that "those who want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts." Bacon mentions two French monarchs who were so close they would have no friends to whom to communicate their thoughts. They thus robbed themselves of that friendship which, as Bacon also remarks, "redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in halves." For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth his griefs; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend but he grieveth less." This is doubtless true

of common joys and griefs; but it is especially true of spiritual joy and sorrow. Hence no Christian can afford to dispense with a spiritual friend. The impulse of the divine life in the human soul is in the direction of communion. To rein in this impulse is to choke the life. To give it free play by suitable expression intensifies the heavenly life, glorifies God, and diffuses the sacred joy. Hence he who is reticent by nature and habit needs to so discipline himself as to cultivate spiritual friendships and give vent to his emotion. And he to whom communion is natural, should be thankful that Jesus has made the fellowship of saints both a privilege and a duty. "If we walk in the light we have fellowship one with another."

He who would win souls must cultivate that kindness of manner and that courtesy in speech which may fitly be called the blossoms of a heart filled with Christian love. It is the habitually gentle man who, other things being equal, has influence over other men. This is as true of ministers as of laymen. The friendly intercourse of the pastor often accomplishes more than his most eloquent sermons. As, "when heated by the sun the traveler spontaneously unbuttons his coat," so when softened by the approaches of an affectionate pastor, a sinner may open his heart to persuasions which, under other auspices, would be ineffectual. One ceases to be surprised at Paul's success at Ephesus, when he hears him saying, "By the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears!" Would Paul's sermons have been as fruitful as they were, without Paul's tears?

Selfishness, like the aphid, is wonderfully fecund. It breeds other vices with amazing rapidity. In the end it defeats its own aims by making its possessor so hateful that the men without whose aid he cannot rise turn against him. Hence he resembles the man who sets his house on fire that he might roast his eggs. "Loving himself without a rival," he is sure to be unfortunate, and to justify the remark of that philosopher who said of such, "Whereas they have all this time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end sacrifices to the inconsistency of fortune whose wings they thought, by their self-wisdom, to have plumed."

Pastors who bring many souls to Christ should beware of vainglory. They should give some credit to their apparently unfruitful predecessors, whose labors may have contributed to the result as truly as their own. Bengel has well said, "It is only the last stroke of the axe which fells the tree; but if one man gives fifty strokes, another thirty, a last only two, who can tell which of the wood-cutters has been most useful, and which blow most contributed to prostrate the tree?" So in soul-saving, many influences contribute. Who shall determine which is the greater?

It is a good thing for a minister to rejoice over the fruit of his own labors. It is not also profitable to his soul to rejoice over the good that was done in his Church by others? Is not the latter joy apt to be purer than the former, and might it not be an antidote to that dangerous self-complacency which ministers are most sorely tempted?

MAINTAINING A SPIRITUAL FRAME.

It is very difficult to say what we wish upon the subject suggested by our heading without seeming to repeat a truism, or to fall into so familiar a line of expression as to fail of attracting the attention we seek. We all recognize the importance of being spiritually-minded, while the Apostle says (insecurely) that the opposite (earthly-minded) he impressively affirms "is death;" but comparatively few take to heart very seriously the vital truth involved in this statement, or the relation of a spiritual mind to our personal repose and to our usefulness.

There is no affection or cant about this grace. It cannot be imitated or put on for the occasion. Nothing can take the place of it and become an adequate compensation for its absence. No high and persistent profession, no earnestness of manner, no glow and excitement of expression, or vigor and beauty of song, can produce a like effect with it, or deceive those around us as to its absence.

It discloses itself always by its own presence. It is not necessary that it should be professed. It cannot be hidden any more than light or heat. Saint and sinner are involuntarily made conscious of its presence in a disciple of the Lord. When one is thus pervaded by the Spirit, whether silent or vocal, in what he says, in his unuttered spirit, in the very atmosphere of his presence, others are forced to acknowledge that "he has been with Jesus." "Something has happened to you," said the venerable and devout Father Merrill to a younger minister, after the morning Conference prayer-meeting which he led. "Yes," was the answer of the preacher addressed, bursting into hallowed tears, "something has happened to me; and a blessed something it is!" "I knew it," said the saintly old man, "the moment you opened your mouth to pray." "I can never preach on that text," said another very earnest minister, "unless I am in a specially fervent state of mind." Indeed, it is quite impossible to preach with any marked moral results on any text unless in the enjoyment of the fulfilled divine promise: "And lo! I am with you."

It is not simply the end of a struggle, the effectual momentary grasp of faith, the occasional suffusion of the Holy

Spirit; it is a life. There are many ministers and lay Christians who have enjoyed marked eras of high religious experience. They have set apart periods for private prayer, or have joined in the deeply-moved congregations at great public meetings; they have made hearty personal consecrations of themselves, and rested upon the fullness of grace in the Gospel of Christ; and they have received powerful blessings from above. They could not doubt the reality and power of the spiritual bestowment. Others noted it. Paradise for the time was regained in their hearts, and the fruit of the tree of life was seen in their tempers and Christian activities. There was a strange and perceptible moral atmosphere around them wherever they went. Their words were weighty and moving. They served God without constraint in the liberty and inspiration of those whom the Son makes free. But after a time this deep moral fervor is manifestly absent from both their person and their performances. They keep up the same symbols which once stood for real facts. They use the same language, preach the same sermons, sing the same songs, and seek to accomplish the same moral results by the same modes, but something is evidently wanting; not a sturdy profession of godliness; not a faithful discharge of outward religious duties; not a hearty belief in the power and sweetness of the Gospel; but that divine something—that essential, all-pervading unseen, Presence, that manifest, even when unannounced, grace, that sweet and convincing unction—is, at least in a measure, absent from the words and life of the unwatchful disciple. We well recollect when one of our conspicuous ministers broke out, in the midst of the discharge of his high office as a preacher of Christ, into a wonderful spiritual liberty. Nobody that met him could, for a moment, doubt the reality of the mighty blessing that had fallen upon him. You could not talk with him without feeling it. It was sometimes like approaching the Shekinah fire in the unconsumed bush. One almost felt awed by the divine grace that rested upon him. It was the same in his public services. They were tender, subdued, sweet and marvelously moving. He seemed quite unlike his former self; the lion had, in very deed, become a lamb. This condition continued for a long time. But we remember distinctly when his power over others in this respect waned, whether he was conscious of it or not. In a busy moment, or in an unwatchful hour, he lost that indwelling Angel of the Covenant, and Samson, for the time, was shorn of his strength.

These occasional accessions of grace are certainly to be desired; but the spiritual life is alone peace and power. The modern habit of connecting high religious attainments with special occasions, with seasons of great outward excitement, with passionate and protracted singing, and with ringing and rejoicing shouts, gives a periodical and local character to the religious life of many. They cannot exist spiritually without these exciting elements for their sustenance. They try, in smaller circles, in the repetition of the same modes, to awaken the same exalted emotions. They cannot endure any other spiritual food, and they are so taken up with their own emotional life that they forget both their duty to Christ and to their fellow-men. "It is good for us to be here," they shout while enjoying these blissful visions, while all around them, at the foot of the mount, are men possessed of the devil, who are to be brought to Jesus that they may be cured.

But it is this lack of spiritual-mindedness that divests the ministry of its moral power. It is not the dignity of the pulpit, and a proper respect for the solemn office, that are lacking. It is not good and faithful preaching; it is not a brave and earnest standing up for the truth and declaring the whole counsel of God in a gainsaying and worldly generation; but it is this constant indwelling of the Holy Spirit, this undimmed, involuntary heavenly-mindedness, this Christ-like sweetness—not sniping or maudlin weeping, not gushing or sickening canting, but that harmonious, constant, divine earnestness and honesty of moral conviction, that manifest sinking of self and worldly considerations, that solemn apprehension of unseen and eternal realities—in short, that spirit of Christ which draws, subdues, convinces and saves; that it is which we need. And this kind cometh not save by prayer and fasting, by hungering and thirsting, through personal and positive trust in the exceeding great and precious promises.

These two dissimilar forms of spiritual experience and life are, no doubt, both of them normal, and, if duly proportioned, mutually helpful to each other. The contemplative spirit needs to be spiritually tempered and solidified by the hardening processes of active duties performed with conscientious zeal and fidelity. There are, indeed, times to meditate and pray, to be alone with one's own heart and with God; but these are times of preparation for those great and fruitful activities to which the true Christian life should be chiefly devoted. The practical purpose of religious experience is, in respect to the individual, that he should "bear much fruit;" and the form of this fruitage is clearly seen in "good works." Nor is it wise in the hours of the soul's retirement with God to peer too curiously into one's spiritual estate, measuring and gauging the grades and phases of the spiritual variations. Here, especially, are the time and the place for the soul's steady outlook towards the divine while waiting in quiet and passive receptivity for the gift of the Holy Spirit.

TWO PHASES OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

They who are charged with the high duty of the "cure of souls," sometimes find themselves perplexed respecting both the relative and the real spirituality of those with whom they have to do. They find some eminently devout ones, who talk freely of their religious state, and their methods of Christian living, who are commonly regarded as specially religious—separated from the world, and intolerant of questionable indulgences—but who, though so recognized, are in neither temper nor action, the best possible specimens of matured Christian character. On the other hand, there are those who are to the last degree unpretentious in such matters, shy and reticent respecting their religious experiences and attainments, and uniformly inclined to speak depreciatingly of themselves, in respect to Christian character; and yet among such are sometimes found the men and women who, beyond most others, may be

trusted as to any required work of benevolence, and who are often models of quietness, long-suffering and charity. These seeming contradictions not unfrequently occasion doubts and questions, and may mislead in respect to the value of certain forms of religious experience and profession; against which tendency the Christian pastor has special need to be guarded.

There are, no doubt, different and somewhat diverse types of religious experience, the results of natural temperaments, or of accidental surroundings, each form having its own peculiar excellences, and, perhaps, also, its special liabilities to defective or unwholesome developments. To each of these classes of Christians, so contrasted and distinguished, it is a matter alike of charity and justice to concede equal honors. There are contemplative souls, who converse much with themselves; who meditate upon their own feelings and impressions, and who are accustomed to carefully analyze their mental and spiritual processes. Such persons seem to be peculiarly thoughtful, devout and spiritual, and so they are often regarded by those who see them. There are others whose religious character must be sought for in their daily lives—their integrity of purpose and uprightness of life and conduct—which are often accompanied with a low estimate of their own religious progress and attainments. These two classes are the Marys and the Marthas of the Church—the meditants who prefer most of all to sit at the Master's feet, and the busy, active ones, who delight especially in serving and doing good; and who are sometimes not altogether pleased that they are left, by their more specially devout fellow-Christians, to serve alone.

In favor of both of these phases of the religious life much may be said, and yet both of them have their dangers to be guarded against. Introspection, within proper limitations, is a useful and profitable religious exercise. We are instructed to "keep our hearts with all diligence," to "examine ourselves," and to "know our own selves;" and this is necessary both to guard against the heart's misleadings, and to find a sure basis for the comforts and hopes of religion. But scarcely any other spiritual exercise is more liable to be perverted or overdone than is this. On the one hand, it may induce a morbid despondency, leading to doubts and fears, and excessive self-deprecations; and on the other, to inordinate self-consciousness and spiritual pride. The religious life and character so formed are apt to lack symmetry of parts; to be feverish, super-sensitive and unhealthy.

The opposite type of the religious life is especially distinguished for its self-forgetfulness. It makes but little account of "frames and feelings," but goes about its duties simply because they are duties enjoined by God's commandments and agreeable to the claims of what is right and proper. And when all is done, it is not much accounted of, and scarcely at all considered in respect to its relation to after compensations, either in this or the future life. These are the working Christians, who stand in their proper spheres in society, discharging their duties in the fear of God, as parents and children, neighbors and friends, employers and servants, magistrates and subjects of governments, and citizens of the commonwealth, doing what is right for its own sake, and striving in all things to "do good to all men after their kind." Probably no other class of Christians are less liable to think too highly of themselves religiously, or to be led into the pernicious follies of spiritual pride, than are these active, outlook, and self-forgetting ones. And beyond all questions this frame of mind is eminently wholesome and invigorating, tending to cheerfulness and effectiveness in duty.

These two dissimilar forms of spiritual experience and life are, no doubt, both of them normal, and, if duly proportioned, mutually helpful to each other. The contemplative spirit needs to be spiritually tempered and solidified by the hardening processes of active duties performed with conscientious zeal and fidelity. There are, indeed, times to meditate and pray, to be alone with one's own heart and with God; but these are times of preparation for those great and fruitful activities to which the true Christian life should be chiefly devoted. The practical purpose of religious experience is, in respect to the individual, that he should "bear much fruit;" and the form of this fruitage is clearly seen in "good works." Nor is it wise in the hours of the soul's retirement with God to peer too curiously into one's spiritual estate, measuring and gauging the grades and phases of the spiritual variations. Here, especially, are the time and the place for the soul's steady outlook towards the divine while waiting in quiet and passive receptivity for the gift of the Holy Spirit.

There is a perilous possibility that one's own experience should become the great object of interest in the conduct of the religious life, which would be a manifest perversion of the divinely-appointed order. It is not wise to make one's own internal emotions too much the object of the spiritual consciousness, lest they lead to a kind of self-idolatry, and feelings be mistaken for graces and virtues. And just here may come in a pernicious form of legality, the recognition of personal fitness for heaven, as if we are, or may be, saved by our own goodness, and a self-assurance of salvation because of such fitness. "Must be holy in order to be saved," is the formula of this spiritual legalism, by which the dying wish must have been excluded from salvation, and also all

others who come down to death not wholly sanctified. To avoid this fearful, but inevitable, conclusion, however, the fiction of a sanctification, in *articulo mortis*, has been set up. No doubt all true believers are indeed "holy," "sanctified," renewed in "the image of God;" but the ground of their salvation is not their attained holiness, but that they die forgiven for Christ's sake! The oldest and most mature saint of God can have no other plea; and that which sufficed for the praying publican, or the penitent and believing Magdalen, is alone sufficient for any and all others. God's chosen ones are called, and accepted of Him, not because they are holy, but to holiness; not in purity of spirit and life, but to the "sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ."

The business of the child of God is simply to yield himself to the operations of the Divine Spirit for his sanctification, while he arouses all his active powers to do the Father's will. The effectuating of the soul's sanctification is God's affair, and it may be safely left to His keeping; but active Christian duty is ours, and to this we are called to especially devote our watchful diligence and earnest efforts. If men will faithfully give themselves to do all God's commandments, "watching unto prayer," and "walking in the light," God will take care of their experiences, "working in them that which is well-pleasing in His sight." And though, after their utmost efforts to do His will, they must still confess that they are "unprofitable servants," He has graciously promised to take account of even the feeblest efforts of His children; and according to them, rather than by the measure of the graces attained to, will He mete out the rewards of the future life.

Editorial Items.

The East Maine Conference convened May 7th, at Dover, Me., which is the shire town for the county of Piscataquis, on the Piscataquis river, about fifty miles northwest of Bangor. The villages of Foxcroft and Dover come together, and, in fact, so far as social and religious matters are concerned, make one town. The falls in the Piscataquis river afford a fine water power, which has been improved to some extent by the erection of several factories for the manufacture of various kinds of cloths. Judging from the appearance of these villages, it must be that the hard times have not depressed the prosperity of the citizens. Everywhere there are indications of comfort, and even luxury, in the well-painted cottages, the stately mansions, and spacious grounds that adorn the streets of these beautiful villages.

The towns of Dover and Foxcroft contain a population of about twenty-five hundred each. The villages are supposed to contain one-half of the inhabitants. All denominations generously opened their doors, and offered entertainment to members and visitors during the Conference, and also hospitably entertained many of their wives. The East Maine Conference is one of the youngest in New England, and is not a large Conference, but for true Christian zeal and devotion to the cause of the Master, has, perhaps, no superior. Its ranks are well filled with young men of mental and physical vigor, who give good promise of efficient service for the Church for many years to come. Even those who are reckoned among the fathers, are able to wield the "sword of the Spirit" with power. May they be spared many years to enjoy the fruit of their labors!

All the anniversaries were well attended; in fact, the church was crowded at every service. The preaching and speaking were good, and many addresses of the members of the Conference, for strength of thought and flash of style, went down as memorials with some that are made by our D. D.'s and L. L. D.'s. Church officers were scarce; so much so, that the question was often asked whether the East Maine had suffered her connectional relations with the M. E. Church or not. Hence home talent was utilized and made more prominent, which perhaps was quite as well for the Conference. The missionary sermon was well attended, preached by Rev. George R. Palmer, and was an able one. A temperance meeting was held, which clearly proved that some of the younger men of the Conference have no idea that this reform is to recede when the pioneers ground their arms. Rev. Dr. Foss, of Wesleyan University, was welcomed by our educational interests.

Saturday evening an educational meeting was held. Appropriate speeches were made by Rev. A. Prince and Rev. George Forsyth, principal of Bucksport Seminary. They were followed by Dr. Foss in a very able and convincing address, showing the advantages of a thorough Christian education.

No one who has attended the sessions of our New England Conferences, when delegates to the General Conference were to be elected, but has felt that an intensity of interest gathered around such occasions, which made them somewhat akin to political caucuses. It is a fact that ought to be noted, that nothing of this kind appeared at East Maine. There was an entire absence of caucuses, canvassing, or wire-pulling. It was evident that each man wrote his own vote, for some ten or twelve men received more or less votes; but the balloting was not disturbed by the announcement of some name proclaimed by some partisan admirer. Rev. B. S. Arrey and Rev. George R. Palmer were elected, and the Conference will be well served by these worthy brethren.

Sunday was the great day of the feast. The "love-feast" was the very antechamber of heaven. Many a heart was lifted heavenward on the breeze of testimony and song. In the morning Bishop Foster preached one of his masterly sermons. Crowds came that could not gain entrance to the house. All who had heard the Bishop were exhorted to leave and attend other Churches, that those who had never heard him might have an opportunity to do so.

Dr. Foss preached in the afternoon and in the evening at the Congregational Church. At the M. E. Church the anniversary of the Missionary Society was held. With cheerful hearts and smiling faces the preachers listened to the reading of the appointments Monday forenoon. Soon they were hurrying hither and thither to their different fields of labor, to achieve new victories for the cause of Christ and Methodism.

We had not visited the Book Rooms, until last week, since the changes inaugurated by the late Dr. Nelson were made. The afternoon, however, which has been an interesting entrance, although like our old-fashioned vestries before the surface of the street, is light and cheerful, ample in its extent, and arranged

with excellent taste. The whole "Preacher's Meeting" can have its informal Monday gathering, antecedent and subsequent to the regular exercises, within its compass without perilling each other's souls. A large corps of polite clerks, headed by the well-known chief—the ever amiable and accommodating Brother John E. Stevens (who succeeded our Brother Magee to this position when the latter was translated to Boston)—stand ready to meet the wants of patrons, with one of the finest collections of Sunday-school and religious books in the city. The sales at the Rooms are good; the Hymn-book, of course, still leading the trade. New books are coming from the press, such as a new and admirably-written life of Carver by Dr. Wise, and a remarkably vigorous volume by Prof. Brown upon "Theism." A volume containing the very popular and valuable philosophical lectures of Bishop Foster, delivered at Chautauque, and in other places, and earnestly called for from the press, will soon be issued. The house has just published a new edition of "The Word of God Opened," four thousand copies of which have been sold, and a new demand awakened by its becoming a text-book in the Chautauque Literary and Scientific Course. The new firm, with Brother Phillips at the head, and the strong reinforcement of Dr. Hunt, enter upon their responsible duties with manifest ability and well-sustained confidence in the support of the Church. There will be no lack of either vigor or prudence under the new administration, and the domination has much to hope from the intelligence and breadth of their plans and the efficiency of their execution. Dr. Worcester is recuperating in Washington. Dr. Fowler is filling important engagements all along the line from Cleveland to Chicago. Dr. Vincent is just starting for his S. S. Congress in the Yosemite Valley, and Dr. Curry, a little younger in appearance than he seemed ten years ago, is ready to be asked for forensic or pulpit service anywhere, as well as busy about his Monthly. Dr. De Puy stays by the staff and ought to receive a double blessing. His busy hand is always conspicuous in those pages of the *Christian Advocate* that are sure to be read. As a personal itemizer he is unequalled; and like all lovers of the pen, he has a special literary work on hand of which the Church will hear with pleasure ere long. We happened, happily, to meet Dr. Woodruff. He is full of hope in reference to his new venture in Brooklyn—the Nostrand Avenue. His great sorrow, in the removal of one of the most excellent of wives and loveliest of Christians, has left its mark upon his face, but the memory of the ascended saint lightens up the shadows. God bless him!

The graduating exercises of the School of Oratory, of the Boston University, took place in Tremont Temple on the afternoon of May 15. There seemed to be a widespread interest in this school, which was clearly indicated by the public anxiety manifested to witness the exercises. At an early hour the hall was crowded, and even those who were favored with tickets found it difficult to obtain admission. The stage was handsomely decorated with flowers, and bouquets were distributed freely to those who took a public part in the exercises of the occasion. On the platform were President Warren, with a number of other representative men, educators and persons of note. Dean Munroe presided with his usual grace and dignity. The graduating class consisted of thirty-two ladies and gentlemen. Of this number thirteen took part in the exercises, giving original and selected addresses. Some of them were very fine, and all gave indications of careful training and study in the art of elocution. Several difficult pieces were rendered with fine effect. One peculiarly pleasing feature was noticeable—a distinct pronunciation. Even some of the ladies, whose voices were light, uttered themselves so clearly and distinctly that they could be easily understood in all parts of the large hall. The attainments of the pupils in this department of the University must have been very gratifying to all the friends of the institution, as well as the teachers of this department. The exercises of the day closed with the conferring of the diplomas by President Warren.

There seem to be people who esteem it a mark of virtue to discard their common sense the moment they touch religion. They seem to think the Spirit of God was designed to be a substitute for their labor will. Such persons interpret the Bible as they would no other book. The further from sense, the more sacred their expostulations seem to them to be. Of course such unreasoning and senseless methods of interpretation open the way to fanaticism in conduct. If God has given such an unreasonable book, it cannot be displeasing to Him to witness in His followers conduct equally unreasonable. Fanaticism is apt at quoting Scripture to prove what is never in the mind of the Spirit who gave it. Freedom can quote Scripture for the murder of his child. A grain of common sense is the best remedy for all such nonsense in religious people. A man who makes himself a fool for Christ is a discredited believer.

God opens the way before His servants whenever they are ready to do His work. Some of our readers have listened to the addresses of Mrs. Rev. Dr. Bottom, at Round Lake and Ocean Grove. During her husband's late pastorate at Tarrytown, she was induced to give weekly Bible readings to ladies of all denominations. So interesting and useful did these lectures become, that where they were given were thronged, and the private carriages in which the ladies came stretched for a great distance along the street—as far, even, as Irvington. She was then invited to come to New York, and her exercises, simple, eminently tender and spiritual, have awakened the same interest, and attracted crowds to listen to her Scriptural and evangelical conversations. Happy are we when we find the field God has appointed, and enter upon it with humble and earnest devotion! There are many such glories lying dormant among our Christian women.

The movement of the colored people of our country is a very hopeful sign. It shows that they are alive and sensitive to their interests as men and citizens. The subsidence of the negro before the red shirts and rifle clubs gave occasion to fear that he was about to sink in despair to the condition of a serf. The current exodus reassures us that he still cherishes the old love of liberty, and that he is prepared to adopt expedients and to make sacrifices for its security. On this point we feel the more hopeful when we learn that the exodus is not a blind impulse, a mere spasm of excitement produced by a passing event, but a carrying out of a purpose long cherished by some of the colored leaders in the South. They have been organizing in a quiet way, and holding conventions and mutually consulting as to the best means to be adopted to insure their continued freedom and elevation. The present exodus may prove a comparative failure; that is, it may not be an adequate means of relief for the mass of suffering in the South; but we believe that the spirit that animates and controls this movement will be fruitful in other directions, and that the courage that

has made this venture will never yield to obstacles or cease its efforts until the colored man is as free as the white in the South as well as the North.

The editor of the Baltimore organ of the M. E. Church, South, has a column of very vigorous denunciations of the ignorant, superstitious and bloody act of the Pocomoke massacre. All this is wholesome enough; but the generalization that follows is characteristic. Such an act, in the editor's estimation, is the natural outgrowth of New England opinions. She is the hot-bed of all wild delusions, he thinks, and these outbreaks of insane passion are the legitimate results of the unnumbered and noxious heresies which find such a rank growth here. But this is to be said to our prejudiced critics: The community does not sustain nor cover up such abuses. The press has no apology to make for them. The magistrates have no hesitation in arresting such violent, even if ignorant, and bewildered breakers of the peace. The deluded murderer and his wife are in prison awaiting trial, and the cases of their sympathizers are under examination by the proper officers of the law. This is not New England sentiment, nor an outgrowth of New England free-thought, but a wild and insane superstition, liable to find a home in any community. This is the difference between the North and the South. Abuses occur in both sections; in one latitude law and justice triumph, while in the other the social law overrides the civil, and outrages lose their criminality due in the estimation of even reputable citizens.

This is the prospect for Round Lake in 1879: I. Sunday-school Assembly, July 5-15. Rev. J. S. Ostrander, of New York, conductor. Full Chautauque course. II. Troy Conference Camp-meeting, July 22-Aug. 2. Tents free to ministers and their families during this meeting. III. Women's National Christian Temperance Convention, Aug. 26 to Sept. 2. Mrs. Annie Wilkerson, of Philadelphia, has charge. All friends of temperance are invited. Pleasant Park and model of Jerusalem; largest in the world. Lectures every day during the season by the most competent lecturers of the day. Round Lake combines health, pleasure, instruction and spirituality. For full particulars and programme of meetings, see *Round Lake Journal*. Sent free. Address J. D. Rodgers, Round Lake, N. Y.

Col. J. E. Bryant, editor of the *Southern Advance and Georgia Republican*, published at Atlanta, Ga., is spending some time in Boston, settling his social and political plans. Col. Bryant is a very intelligent Christian gentleman, long a resident at the South—a Southerner by adoption and choice—expressing by his ardent patriotism love of the republic and his hearty New England social and civil opinions. He believes in the renaissance of a new South by the development and education, intellectual and political, of the democratic classes of these States; and to this noble work he has consecrated his life. His conversations and addresses have made a strong and favorable impression upon the leading men of our city and vicinity. He will carry back, when he returns, his hearty sympathy, and, we trust, substantial aid in his well-arranged purposes.

Houghton, Osgood & Co. publish "Locusts and Wild Honey," by John Burroughs, 16mo, 238 pp. The volume is every way delightful—in subjects, in the wide observation of the secrets of nature, and in its charming style. Those who have read "The Pastoral Bee," as first published in periodical form, will need no further commendation of the volume. There are nine topics discussed in the same inimitable style, full of information, alive with quiet humor, and opening up long and delightful vistas in the animated nature and attractive rural and forest scenes close at our doors. It is a charming volume for the holidays.

The Bishops assembled last Saturday in Wheeling, Va., to arrange their Conference appointments for the next six months. The conspicuous vacancy in their number is that made by the death of Bishop Ames. Only two of the Bishops elected before the Brooklyn General Conference now remain—Scott and Simpson. Ten now form the corps, and the leading men of our city and vicinity, at the approaching Cincinnati Conference. The experiment of delaying a reinforcement until a large number have to be elected at once was not, the last time it was tried, altogether satisfactory one, although the incumbents chosen have proved themselves to be excellent superintendents.

Just as we go to press a telegraphic dispatch from Rev. H. W. Bolton announces the death of Mrs. Townsend, wife of Rev. A. T. Townsend, of our city and vicinity. Mrs. Townsend has been an invalid for nearly a year. During most of the time her mind has been seriously affected. She was an excellent woman, greatly beloved in the charges where her husband has been pastor, a lady of fine natural abilities, a devoted Christian, and a faithful and loving wife. Her loss is a terrible blow to our Brother Townsend. Never was there a closer and greater domestic tie than that which united these two hearts together. There is only one Comforter in such a case—the Holy Spirit; and one soothing consolation—Christ never dies, nor departs from a bruised heart, and the blessed dead that die in the Lord "are not lost, but gone before."

A copy of the handsome *South Side Messenger*, Chicago, edited and published by Rev. W. F. Criss, gives ample evidence in its calendar and its contents, of the characteristic and tireless activity of the pastor of Trinity M. E. Church of that city. The special work for every month in the year is arranged and announced. We wish him the largest success.

W. F. Schneider, agent of the Evangelical Association, Cleveland, Ohio, publishes the *Weekly Worker*, a large sheet with dark background and white drawings, illustrating the International Lessons. It is sold for \$3 a year, and is a fine substitute for drawings on the blackboard, especially where there is no artist in the Sunday-school. The work is well executed. J. F. Magee has it for sale.

Prof. Bragdon, principal of Lasell Seminary, with his school, and a few invited friends, made an excursion to Plymouth on Saturday last. It was a very pleasant occasion, and the party returned highly gratified with their visit to this ancient town, and the many objects of interest that remind one of the olden times and the Plymouth Pilgrims.

The Northern and Southern Presbyterian General Assemblies are now holding their annual sessions; the former in Saratoga. The late moderator, Dr. F. L. Patton, of Chicago, who has just been called to the head of a theological institution in London, delivered the opening sermon, a very pronounced orthodox discourse upon the "Incarnation of the Son of God." Rev. Dr. Henry H. Johnson, of the Byram mission, was afterwards chosen moderator for the session.

These cases, made of various woods, with leather
fringe to match, often turned out to be of greater value
than the wood. The cases are sent to all who use them.
Two sizes, in walnut and pine, always on hand,
and special cases of any size or wood promptly
filled. See for descriptive circular and prices
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Supplied at Manufacturers' Prices,
BY JAMES P. MAREE
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Where sample cases may be seen.

The Family.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

ISAIAH XLII.

There is some sunlight left in the blue sky,
And music in the air;
And in my heart's song are and high
That mingle with my prayer.

The shadows have been thick upon my way,
The dead leaves lie around,
But in the silence of the darkest day
Some blessings may be found.

Hast thou been angry with me, patient King?
Thy wrath is turned away;
It is of Thy great comfort I will sing,
Through all this happy day.

Thou God of my salvation, I will trust
And will not be afraid;
Thou art my strength, O merciful and just,
I could not be dismayed.

The well of my delight is very deep,
I stay beside its brink;
I shall not need for thirst and weep,
But I may rest and drink.

And evermore, within the coming days,
My heart, with joy made strong,
Shall call upon Thy name, and for Thy praise
Shall spend itself in song.

However low and desolate the way,
Thy love shall make it bright;
Thy presence brings the joy of summer's day
Into the densest night.

And since Thou art not angry, but in love
Dost desire to comfort me,
I will be glad, till in Thy home above,
I may dwell with Thee.

And change these halting and imperfect songs
For such as angels raise,
Nor shall one singer of the happy throng
Give Thee more loving praise.

Marianne Farnham.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

(From a letter to a friend.)

"I very willingly comply with your request to send to you my statement of the facts concerning the way the dear Lord has been leading me, and of all His wonderful works. Verily, they are wonderful; and yet, when we are walking in the true light, we very plainly see how willingly God fulfills every promise. 'All things are possible to him that believeth.' 'No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.' I will endeavor to tell the simple facts solely, with an 'eye single to God's glory' and those that will honor Him.

"At the age of sixteen I was thoroughly converted to God, and very soon united with His people. I loved my Saviour devotedly, ever tried to be perfectly obedient, and found great peace and joy in believing. Yet after a time I found there were roots of bitterness springing up which would cause sorrow, and my peace and rest were greatly disturbed; condemnation, therefore, would be the result, and my confidence in my Saviour would be destroyed. Then followed sincere repentance, which always brought forgiveness. I earnestly desired to find a more satisfactory place where I could rest, believe God always, and get out of this valley of doubts and fears. I realized this to be the place for the true Christian. I longed for the 'land flowing with milk and honey' which it seemed I might attain, although never taught it except in the Word and by the Spirit. I would ever grasp at every and any idea that would indicate a possibility of this. I wanted perfect submission to God's will, so that whatever He chose to send me in the way of trials or afflictions I could with joy say, 'Thy will be done,' and not only say it, but feel it from my inmost soul.

"For over fifteen years I was an invalid; and was for a greater part of the time confined to the house and to my bed. Every year I seemed to grow weaker and feebler. I could mingle in society but little, and was deprived of almost every enjoyment outside of my home. I thought it must be the will of God, and that I must be satisfied. I mourned deeply if I found at times I was not. I often longed for health to work for Jesus, and after reading the reports of Dr. Cullis, I felt an intense desire for that faith that would bring healing to my body. I knew that 'God was no respecter of persons,' and that He was just as willing to bestow this upon me as upon any one.

"During the years of 1874 and '75, and until October, 1876, I was completely prostrated, being confined to my bed for weeks at a time, too feeble and weak to see any one. Even my children would tire me in such a manner that they could not remain where I was.

"My troubles were serious and acute, consisting of a complication of diseases—nervous prostration and weakness, bronchial and catarrhal difficulties, dyspepsia, and others, which prevented my walking or standing. It seemed a difficult matter to do much for me, as I was so weak and frail. I could not bear medicine. I suffered continually from my head and lungs—enduring dreadful paroxysms of pain in my head and throat, which would last for weeks, with but little cessation. Nothing could relieve me. No one but God knows what I suffered. I often begged for deliverance, feeling there was none except in death. My life was indeed miserable.

"All through these years of sickness I was more or less under the care of physicians. I tried different schools of practice, but during these last years of extreme feebleness, I was continually attended by one of our most skillful allopathic physicians, who could only give me temporary relief; in fact, I seemed like the woman in the Scriptures 'who had spent all she had and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.'

"For months I had felt there was no help for me in man. I was thoroughly aroused to this fact. Help must come from some source, or I must die. I had, during this time, been asking God to give me faith to be healed, and a baptism of the Holy Ghost, hardly knowing in this last what it could be. I felt my

life was too precious to my family to be lost, if there was a possibility of my recovery; I therefore desired to try some other physician. I talked with my husband about it, but he objected, feeling great confidence in the one employed, and said to me, 'If he cannot help you, no one can.' Thus I found myself entirely helpless; and as I took my bed Oct. 3, 1876, fully expecting never to leave it except when I was taken from it, I began questioning myself. Was I conscious of a complete submission to God's will? Was I willing to die and leave my family, especially my children, who were at the age when a mother's love and care are so needed? Here I found a struggle, and knew that nothing but grace could give me the victory. The world and everything in the world had no attractions. This I had given up months before.

"I was suffering intensely in my body, especially from my lungs. I cried to God from the depths of my soul. I felt the time had come for Him to work, and in heart-sobbing I pleaded for Him to come then and there and satisfy me with my fate.

"I was heart-broken. I longed for a loving reconciliation, knowing this to be right. I said, 'Lord, if Thou didst ever appear to a mortal upon earth, come to me now! Show to me that Thou art my Friend and Physician.' I was in agony of soul. My tears were flooding my pillow. I threw myself upon His mercy, and instantaneously a piercing light fell upon and around me, completely overpowering me, and the face of Jesus appeared, radiant and streaming with glory. M. E. G.

[Concluded next week.]

A TEMPERANCE INCIDENT.

BY REV. SIDNEY K. SMITH.

Last summer, while stopping for a few days at a seaside resort, I met unexpectedly a lady acquaintance, who, by the following incident, demonstrated clearly what woman, with her loving, impulsive nature aroused, is capable of accomplishing in practical work for the temperance cause. Sister R. is a maiden lady, in feeble health, and has been for several years a great sufferer.

Sitting in the Pavilion one afternoon, I noticed her approaching, in company with a noble-looking young man, who was evidently partially intoxicated. They came near where I was, and I overheard her earnestly pleading with him, 'not to drink any more, but to go directly home.' He seemed somewhat impressed, but was intoxicated just enough to manifest indifference, and only responded laughingly, 'Oh, you must let us have a little freedom once in awhile, in order to have a good time.'

She continued to plead with him regardless of the people standing around, till it was time for the cars to start, when she left him saying, 'Now I shall see you on board the cars. You must not drink another drop.' In a few moments she returned, when I remarked, 'You have been doing missionary work to-day, I guess, Sister R.' She burst into tears and exclaimed, 'Oh, that was my brother, whom I haven't seen for eight years till to-day. He has been to a soldiers' reunion and came around this way on purpose to see me. He doesn't drink at home, is a member of the Church, very kind to his family, a noble man; but a fellow soldier got him to drink some lager beer to-day, and now you see the condition he is in. He's been drinking at every opportunity till he got here, but I have followed him all day to keep him from it, and he hasn't tasted a drop since I first saw him. He has tried to get away from me to get a drink with his companion, but I wouldn't let him. Oh, it seems so strange he should do so! I never thought I could do what I have done to-day, but he is my brother, and I couldn't do otherwise. I have followed him into three saloons, and when he called for a glass of lager I forbade them giving it to him, declaring I would dash the tumbler on the floor if they offered it to him. They all yielded to my request and refused to let him have any. In one place there were a dozen men standing by the bar. I forbade the man selling him any, telling him he was my brother, and I could not see him drink. The bartender looked at me and said, 'Well, you seem to be in earnest. If you were a man I would pitch you out of doors, but as you are a lady, I will yield to you.' I took the glass handed to my companion, whom I had never met before, carried it to the door and emptied it upon the ground. When I did this, two men who were just about drinking, quietly stepped to the door, poured out the contents of their glasses, placed them upon the counter again, and without saying a word left the saloon. Others pushed their tumblers back and looked at me with amazement.

"I hope," she continued smiling amid the tears, "I have done some good to-day. One thing is sure, I have established my reputation here, I guess. But I don't care. It was my brother, and he is too good to be a drunkard. I could not see him drink, and I would not!"

She stopped, and nervously wiped the tears away, and I thought, another name added to the list of temperance heroines. God bless them! Oh, if all the sisters and wives and mothers of these tempted ones, with their yearning love all aroused, would follow them into these rum dens, how many noble ones would be saved, and how many alluring agents of Satan

would be kept from dealing out the beverage of death, whom man's influence and the enforcements of law fail to reach!

Moral: Woman's power and pleading can accomplish what no other human means can when brought in direct contact with the rum traffic. Should we not pray that all over the land they may have a special impulse and anointing for their work, and with the boldness of consecrated affection march to the front as chosen leaders in this great battle for the redemption of their loved ones?

ALMOST PERSUADED.

"Almost thou persuadest me to become a Christian."—ACTS 26:28.

BY REV. F. C. BAKER.

"Almost persuaded," did you say?
And yet stand undecided;
"Almost persuaded" to obey,
And take the way provided
To save your soul from death and hell,
And fit you with your Lord to dwell?

"Almost persuaded" to believe
The words which He has spoken;
"Almost persuaded" to receive
The Gospel's precious tokens;
To take your Saviour at His word,
And claim Him as your sovereign Lord.

"Almost persuaded," yet go on
In sorrow and repining;
"Almost persuaded," yet refuse
The light that now is shining
To guide your feet in paths of love
That lead to brighter joys above.

"Almost persuaded," yet delay
To plunge in the Fountain that cleanses;
"Almost persuaded"—night ends the day,
The last call of mercy is ended.
Almost saved, yet gone to hell—
The soul God made with Him to dwell.

BRYANT'S BAPTISM AT NAPLES.

Rev. Mr. Waterston, in his address before the Mass. Historical Society on the occasion of the death of Bryant, relates the following interesting incident in the life of the poet.

They were together at Naples, where Mrs. Bryant, who had been seriously ill, was just recovering. At this time, April 23, 1858, says Mr. Waterston, "I received from him a note, stating that there was a subject of interest upon which he would like to converse with me. On the following day, the weather being delightful, we walked in the 'Villa Reale,' the royal park, or garden, overlooking the Bay of Naples. Never can I forget the beautiful spirit that breathed through every word he uttered, the reverent love, the confident trust, the aspiring hope, the deep-rooted faith. Every thought, every view, was generous and comprehensive. Anxiously watching, as he had been doing, in that twilight boundary between this world and another, over one more precious to him than life itself, the divine truths and promises had come home to his mind with new power. He stated that he had never united himself with the Church, which with his present feelings he would most gladly do. He then asked if it would be agreeable to me to come to his room on the morrow and administer the communion, adding, that as he had not been baptized, he desired that ordinance at the same time.

"The day following was the Sabbath—a most heavenly day. In fulfillment of his wishes, in his own quiet room, a company of seven persons celebrated together the Lord's Supper. With hymns, selections from the Scriptures, and devotional exercises, we went back in thought to the 'large upper room' where Christ first instituted the Holy Supper in the midst of His disciples. Previous to the breaking of bread, William Cullen Bryant was baptized. With snow-white head and flowing beard he stood like one of the ancient prophets, and perhaps never since the days of the Apostles has a truer disciple professed allegiance to the Divine Master."

Had he not this very hour of the holy communion in his thought, when, in his later published poems (embracing in spiritual sympathy the whole Christian Church), he speaks of—
"The consecrated bread—
The mystic loaf that crowns the board,
When, round the table of their Lord,
Within a thousand temples set,
In memory of the bitter death
Of Him who taught at Nazareth,
His followers are met,
And thoughtful eyes with tears are wet,
The glory of whose rising, yet
Makes bright the grave's mysterious brink."

A LITTLE STORY.

LUM FOON—SHING KUM.—Married, at the residence of M. L. Templeton, esq., in San Francisco, March 1, 1879, by M. C. Briggs, Lum Foon to Shing Kum, both of San Francisco.

Six years ago, at about ten o'clock one night, a ragged, unkempt Chinese girl of fifteen knocked violently at the door of the Chinese Mission Institute, and was admitted. The instant she entered the hall, she flew up the stairs as though pursued by a demon, refusing to answer any question until she felt herself in a place of safety. She was disheveled, bruised, frightened, and badly wounded in one arm. She had escaped from a domestic mistress and a diabolical fate to a place of which she had somehow heard as a refuge for her kind. Next day a policeman came to find the girl and restore her to her keepers. I need not say that this was a bootless errand. A day or two afterward a writ of *habeas corpus* was procured, and Dr. and Mrs. Gibson and others went with her to the court. The mistress swore that she had always treated the child with affectionate kindness; that she had her arm by a fall; that she was bound to her for a term of years, etc. The girl's eyes flashed fire, and in spite of judge, policemen, missionaries, and spectators, she answered

every falsehood with a sharp, ringing, "You lie! you lie!" in emphatic Chinese. The court committed the energetic wife to the care of the mission, and her name was entered Shing Kum on a record destined some day to be read with admiration when the persecutors of the mission and its inmates are vainly trying to hide their own guilty story.

Six years have passed. Guests are gathered at the house of Mr. Templeton. Rev. C. N. Anthony, A. M., and his excellent wife, Mrs. Woodard, and others of the "dominant" race, are in converse with groups of grave and polite people of a slightly darker hue. Miss Laura Templeton, the former teacher of Shing Kum, looks with grateful pride on her protégée, Mrs. Templeton (mother, as the brown maiden calls her) appears to have all of a mother's interest in the event about to transpire. Pretty and valuable bridal presents are arranged on a side table. All are waiting. What delays the young couple? They were dressed and ready half an hour ago. Shall I tell you? The bridegroom is diffident, and not so mature a Christian as the bride. He hesitates to give a promise that he will regularly and always have family worship in the new home about to be ordained. The resolute girl, who escaped alone to the mission, and defied her former mistress and the police, will leave room for no misunderstanding. Their home must be a Christian home. She will take no obligation, bind herself by no vow, until that demand is unequivocally conceded. I need not stop to moralize on such an example. Suffice it to say that right-consecration won the day.

Go with me to Stockton Street. Observe the peculiar neatness of that shop window. It is a place where ladies' underwear is made, Step inside. You are greeted with modest politeness. The man who rises to meet you is Lum Foon, the proprietor. Step up those stairs and pass through a door. Was there ever anything neater than this sitting-room? The bed, the curtains, the pictures, everything, show a cultivated taste. Come back into the shop. This lady behind the counter speaks and writes English well. She keeps the books and waits on customers at convenience. Introduce the subject of religion. She is well informed, you see. There is character stamped on every feature.

It costs you no effort to treat these people with respect; you cannot help yourself. They command respect. Ask charity for the poor; they are liberal. Express doubt as to whether Christianity is doing anything for the Chinese. Do you doubt the lock of amazement on that fine face, the face of the man, and the flash of the black eye in the woman, the resolute, self-poised face of the woman? Let her answer you, and you will doubt no more. Who are they? They are Lum Foon and Shing Kum (Mrs. Lum Foon), fruits of our Chinese mission work in San Francisco, and keepers of this happy and prosperous home. And there are more like unto them.—Dr. M. C. Briggs, in *Northern Christian Advocate*.

FAITH.

BY HELEN KIRWINE.

I take you by the hand, for you are blind,
Your ears are palsied and your lips are dumb;
You love me, trust me, gladly follow me,
Blindly obedient when I bid you come;
You recognize my touch, each fond caress,
And all my pitying love and tenderness,
So I, deaf, dumb, and blind on time's wide sea,
Know that a gentle hand is leading me
To pastures green, to waters cool and clear;
Heaven's language I shall speak, shall see,
and hear.

I know His changeless love and tenderness,
His power to pardon, and His will to bless;
Peace falls into my heart a gentle rain,
The silence brings to me no thought of pain,
Because I know I strive in vain to reach
The thoughts that lie in heaven's divinest sphere.
Newtonville, Mass.

The Little Folks.

A BEAUTIFUL LOVE OF FILIAL LOVE.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

Mrs. Learned was induced by the solicitations of her affectionate husband to secure a new summer bonnet. She really needed one, but she had been delaying its purchase, lest it might diminish their contributions to the objects of benevolence, which were already very small compared with what they used to be previous to their sudden and unexpected embarrassment. She chose rather to deny herself of personal convenience than of the happiness of bearing a part in promoting the cause of her Saviour. She, however, finally obtained a cheap bonnet.

Almost immediately after the article was purchased, they were solicited for aid in behalf of the feeble Churches in the State. This cause they had formerly been accustomed to aid with a noble liberality. But now Mrs. Learned—who was specially interested in the seaman's cause, and devoted most that she felt able to give to that object—thought they must deny themselves the pleasure of aiding the feeble Churches. This Mrs. Learned felt that she could not do. She expressed regret that she had purchased the bonnet, and said she must return it, and devote the money to this cause. Her husband, with all the warm-hearted interest he felt in the welfare of the Churches, thought this would be carrying the work of self-denial further than she ought, and kindly remonstrated. The children—four little ones under eleven years of age—heard the father's remonstrance, and added their affectionate entreaties: "O mother, do keep the bonnet, do keep it, won't you?"

When they found that her love of benevolence was likely to triumph over her regard for personal appearance and comfort, they withdrew and consulted

together as to what they could do to secure for their dear mother the desired object. A proposition was at length made by the eldest—a fine, noble boy—which was readily adopted by the others. With gladness hearts, happy faces, and all their little personal property—fifty cents each, just the price of the bonnet—in their hands, they returned to their mother, and said, "Mother, will you please accept the present of a bonnet from your children?"

This exhibition of filial love—O how beautiful!—was almost too much for the mother's feelings. She thought a moment, then said to herself: "I must not dash the warm hopes of these beloved ones and disappoint their wishes. But may I not gratify their wishes and cherish their feelings of filial affection, and at the same time, by means of them, awaken in their young hearts a sympathy for the destitute and a love of benevolence?"

So she told them how delighted she was with this token of their love to her, and with what pleasure she should always remember it; and then made this proposal to them: "If you wish me to retain the bonnet instead of giving the two dollars to the Missionary Society, I will cheerfully do it; and you, my dear children, may give each your fifty cents to the Society, to aid in preaching the Gospel where the poor children and their parents never hear the joyful sound."

With this proposal they at once complied, rejoicing that they had been means, not only of securing for their beloved mother the article they were so anxious she should have, but also of doing something to relieve the wants of the destitute, and to send the Gospel to the poor.

This beautiful expression of filial love cannot go unrewarded. May length of days, and long life, and peace, be added to those children; and, as they grow in years, may they grow in favor both with God and man!

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

.... A man cutting castile soap with a cast steel knife shows the fitness of things.

.... The following is told of a young gentleman who was passing an examination in physics. He was asked: "What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the Earth, but I'm not quite certain."

.... Miss Madup Oldgal: "Yes, I love the old folks. It is associated with my happy hours spent beneath its shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when?" Young Foodle: "When you—er—planted it."

.... A lady, engaged to be married, and getting sick, her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," she replied; "it is very easy. Untie it now while it is only a bean knot."

.... "I suppose the bells are sounding an alarm of fire," sneeringly said a man, as the church-bells were calling the worshippers on Sunday morning. To which a clergyman, who was passing, replied: "Yes, my friend; but the fire is not in this world."

.... A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew very weary of his conversation, and whispered in an audible tone, "Didn't he bring his amen with him, mamma?"

.... "Well, Bessie," said her mother, "have you been a good girl to-day?" "No, mamma." "Why, Bessie, I hope you have not been a bad girl?" "No, mamma," said the little thing; "not really bad, not weddy good, just a comfortable little girl."

.... "Amanda, I wish you to put the large Bible in a prominent place on the centre table, and place three or four hymn books carelessly round on the sofa, as if they were the property of a cheerful Christian family, and if you girls don't manage either one of you, to get him, why, I'll never try anything again, for I'm tired!"

.... "The widow lived on a limbeck left her by relative." "What did you call that word?" asked the teacher. "The word is legacy; not limbeck." "You're right," said the teacher, "my sister says I must say limbeck, not leg."

.... "During one of the great wars in Europe," Dr. Finney, in a public prayer, brought the matter to the notice of the Almighty on this wise: "Lord, they burn down villages and murder the inhabitants; and they call this civilized warfare. O Lord, was there ever anything so ridiculous?"

.... Miss Dod's cooking lecture, the other evening. Lady soliloquizing: "Now that she's got it cooked, I wish she'd tell us how to use it." "Yes," he said, "she ought to tell us how to use it." "I have some infallible recipes." First lady, alert with pencil and notebook: "Will you please favor me?" Second lady: "Six boys!"

Down at Thy feet, O Lord, down at Thy feet
Here let me rest;
Lowly in penitence, upon the ground
My brow hard pressed.

When wilt Thou raise me up in pardoning love?
O Lord, not yet;
For when I see Thy face, I shall not weep,
I shall forget.

.... A person at Newcastle who had a house to let took an applicant for it to the top floor, spoke of the distant prospect, and said: "We can see Durban Cathedral on a Sunday." "On a Sunday?" said the listener, "and pray why not on a Monday?" "Why?" said he, "because on the week days rain, furnace and pits are pouring forth their smoke and we cannot see so far; indeed, we can scarcely see at all; but when the fires are out our view is wide." Is not this a true symbol of our Sabbath days when we are in the spirit? The smoke of the world no more beludges the heavens, and we see almost up to the golden gates.—*Sprygon*.

.... All our passions are but the several ebbs and flowings of the soul, and their motions are the signs of its temper, which way it is carried. Four desires and hopes and fears be in the things of this world and the interests of the flesh, this is their disorder, and the soul is in a continual fever. But if they move Godwards, then it is composed and calm, in a good temper and healthy state, fearing and loving Him, desiring Him and nothing but Him, waiting for Him and trusting in Him. And when any one affection is right and in a due aspect to God, all the rest are so too.—*Archbishop Leighton*.

Religious Items.

METHODIST.

Rev. Dr. Green, for thirty years steward of the Wesleyan Book Room at Toronto, died last week, aged 78.

Bishop Bowman has returned from his episcopal visit to Europe and India, after an absence of nearly a year.

Bishop Harris' address is changed from 30 East Fifty-eighth Street to 493 Lexington Avenue, New York City, where his correspondence should all be directed.

C. W. Judd and family, Methodist missionaries from India, reached New York City, April 25th.

Rev. W. Oliver Booth, a minister widely known and respected for more than fifty years in the Wesleyan ministry, died at his residence, Oakland Road, Hackney Downs, London, recently, and was followed by his wife, who died suddenly two days after.

Israel Foster, father of Bishop R. Foster, died at Keokuk, Iowa, Friday, May 2, in his 85th year.

Rev. J. L. G. McKown, D. D., died May 2, at Roselle, N. J. Dr. McKown was, at the late session of Newark Conference, transferred to New York Conference and appointed to Milton, N. Y. He has for many years filled some of the most important appointments in the Church.

The average salary of ministers in fourteen of the Southern Methodist Conferences is \$572; and the average amount paid is \$438. The deficiency is nearly 24 per cent.

Bishops Wiley and Peck participated in a great missionary movement at Cleveland, Ohio, commencing on May 10th and 11th.

A chapel has been opened in the village of Eversley, near London, so well known in connection with the life and labors of Charles Kingsley. Within the last twelve years twenty-five places have been opened for Methodist worship within a radius of as many miles from Aldershot.

Nebraska has sixty-eight Methodist Churches, and sixty of them have received aid from the Board of Church Extension. This fact illustrates the aggressive power of our Church Extension work. The Conference has received \$13,525 by donation and \$10,775 in loans, making an aggregate of \$24,300, and has put into the treasury \$2,300, or less than ten cents for every dollar received.

National Methodist holiness camp-meetings will be held this summer as follows: At Bismarck Grove, near North Lawrence, Kansas, commencing Tuesday, June 24; at Benet, Nebraska, commencing Tuesday, July 8; at Seewick, Pa., commencing Friday, July 12; at Douglas, Mass., commencing Wednesday, July 23; at Summit Grove, Pa., at Urbana, O., commencing Wednesday, Aug. 13; at Newcastle, Pa., commencing Saturday, Aug. 16.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the M. E. Church, held May 6th, at the Western Book Room, the exodus of the colored people to Kansas, its relation to our Church work and the welfare of this people, was taken up and discussed. A movement has been inaugurated to get at the facts on this subject, preparatory to a plan of action at as early a date as possible.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

The American Tract Society closes the past year with a balance of \$5,224 in the treasury.

An English paper says, it is rumored that Dr. Dollinger may probably return to communion with the Holy See.

Rev. Charles D. Helmer, pastor of the Tompkins Ave. Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., died at Lockport, N. Y., April 28.

Rev. A. J. Faust, of Washington, D. C., for eighteen years an Episcopal minister, has gone over to the Romish Church.

Rev. N. E. Pressly has gone to Mexico to establish a mission of the Associate Presbyterian Church.

The late David Le Favour, of Parvett, R. I., bequeathed \$2,500 in money and land valued at \$10,000, to St. Paul's Episcopal Church in that place.

Dr. H. C. Potter, on Easter day, 1878, appealed for funds to pay off a mortgage on Grace Church, New York; \$25,000 was then secured, and on Easter day, this year, the remainder, a sum of \$12,000, mostly in small sums.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Stevens recently administered the rite of confirmation to three hundred and twenty persons during one week in the churches in Philadelphia.

As the fruit of a three months' revival season, 175 converts were recently received into membership of the Third Baptist Church of St. Louis.

Rev. R. Laird Collier has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian Church of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, the chief centre of English worded manufacture.

The Reformed Episcopal Church in Louisville, Ky., which had upward of 90 members, has been disbanded, on account of great financial straits.

Mr. Spurgeon has preached in his church but once in four months, but the attendance of members does not show any diminution or irregularity. Only the casual attendants are missed.

Rev. Dr. F. L. Patton, of Chicago, has been invited to the chair of Apologetical Theology in the Presbyterian College, London, England.

The New England Reform Clubs' Convention, representing all the reformed clubs of New England, has combined with the National Christian Temperance Camp-meeting Association to hold a great mass temperance meeting at Old Orchard, Me., commencing Aug. 13, and continuing ten days. Some of the leading speakers on temperance in the country have already been engaged; and the friends of temperance are expecting the meeting to be the grandest in numbers and influence ever held in the Union. Several of the New England governors have signified their purpose of participating in the meeting. The meeting will be under the management of a joint committee selected from each of the above-named organizations.

.... Jesus hath many lovers of His heavenly kingdom, but few bearers of His cross. He hath many desirous of consolation, but few of tribulation. He desire to rejoice with Him, few are willing to endure anything for Him, or with Him. But they who love Jesus for the sake of Jesus, and not for some special comfort of their own, bless Him in all tribulation and anguish of heart, as well as in the state of highest comfort.—*Thomas à Kempis*.

DOE THE NEXT THYNGE.

From an old English parsonage,
Down by the sea,
There came in the twilight
A message to me;
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching for heaven;
And on through the hours
The quiet words ring,
Like a low inspiration:
"DOE THE NEXT THYNGE."

Many a questioning,
Many a fear,
Many a doubt,
Hath he quieting here.<

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1900



as none can carefully and thoughtfully read
it without profit. In them there is nothing
dry, but they present the ripe fruit of the ma-
tured thought of a long period of ministerial expe-
rience and oversight. They are weighty, well-
considered teachings.

The work is in no respect denominational.

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